Mar. My thankes ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did never feare, but cried good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canvas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calls and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe have me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life. I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any living creature: beleeve me now, I never kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod upon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you have a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, doe ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſave poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets have her aboard ſodainly. *Exit.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeves ſerve the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they have ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope ſhee will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead, and throwne into the ſea, but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remaine,
Whom they have raviſht, muſt by me be ſlaine. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſſe.

Baud. We were never ſo much out of creatures, we have but poore three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets have freſh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be uſde in every trade, wee ſhall never proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaieſt true, tis not our bringing up of poore baſtards, as I thinke I have brought ſome eleven.

Boult. I to eleven, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we have, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, there's two unwholſome in conſcience, the poore *Tranſilvanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate